First draft of
Essays
1933

Nov 26

193[illegible]

Walter Sickert
V.B.; Thow
why Lecture, &c.

Essays

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Nov 26th
1933

Portrait of Walter Sickert.

"I am a literary painter, so are all painters of any excellence": & they may help to explain why it is so easy to enjoy Mr Sickerts painting, without being ~~a~~ oneself a painter. ~~The~~ ~~The~~ ~~statement is~~ ~~How to interpret~~ the remark, ~~what the saying means, what light it throws upon~~ of course, the statement could easily be chopped up & its dismembered parts make the ~~text of~~ mince meat of ~~a banquet~~ in a discussion lasting from sunset till dawn. What is literature, what is painting, what is ... What are they singly, what are they & what are they in combination, ~~what is~~ what is excellence ~~&~~ ~~what is~~ ~~opinion~~ ~~the vocal~~ — But ~~by the way~~ what is ~~infamy~~ the moment, ~~feed them with~~ ~~society~~ — let us, for the moment, ... with weights, seal the eyes, then gently & let them put poppy seed on their tongues. ~~&~~ But while we sleep ~~& if they must dream~~; ~~but~~ ~~enter the~~ go into the room where the pictures hang, & then —

Some insects, scientists tell us, are composed entirely of eyes; ~~they are~~ the very rudimentary body which is attached to these great ~~eyes~~ organs serves merely to direct the eye, ~~to~~ as it voyages. It has been their fate to live & die in the depths of forests where there are only ~~flowers & trees~~. green ~~At some seasons the trees~~ ~~are almost~~ hidden by ~~flowers~~ — red blue, ~~And~~ they are born ~~when~~ with the flowers & they die — when the flowers fade. Colour is their meat & drink; & their love & their

More are
[?]
Sickerts
words
&

Naked
wriggling like
the flies
on a
legathering

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& their banners, & their art & their religion. (And
though this insect is now invaluable in Italy — man, who
as we know, was once but a blob of jelly
was] Scientists have ~~have~~ been ~~unable to stand~~ stood
amazed ~~when they~~ to see one of these little creatures
~~Drenching~~ crimson, ~~or yellows, or~~ until it becomes Drenchy
green, & then flitting to violet, & then to a slate
colouring mauve & so on, for ~~& they~~ &
jellies back to London. They have recorded their
conviction that ~~the organ of~~ we too had it in our
power once to be those insects, only something
happened, — ~~it is difficult~~ to say precisely what —
so that the eye shrivelled, & the heart grew, & the
~~lu~~ liver, & the intestines, & the tongue, & the
hands & the legs; ~~so that we~~ so that in 1933
~~here~~ we are in Bond Street, where red, & green &
yellow serve only to control the traffic, & ~~be~~ in
which without those ~~warning~~ signals, would allowance
certainly kill more than its present
of eighteen people every day.

Such ~~was~~ ~~perhaps~~ ~~were the~~ ~~were the~~ thoughts perhaps,
~~thoughts~~ ~~perhaps were the~~ were ~~present~~
some dim ~~enough~~, others urgent, for [illegible]
in the mind of the original [illegible] include
— for ~~let that~~ a famous name may built his
all ~~who~~ gallery owner — when he
home. He must have said to himself
that the time was at hand when it was
becoming positively dangerous to stand still &
look ~~at~~ even at a flower: or when it was
pointed out to him that all Greek sculpture
was made ~~with a view to~~ to stand in the
open air, he could not deny that
obvious fact. Nor could he have denied,
when the Colosseum, & many famous
buildings & statues in Rome, Venice & Florence

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were brought to his attention, that there was an art which required to be seen at a distance; but he must have said, turning on his heel abruptly. That age was over. And yet — was it some time in the 18th centuries? — that a so built his home with rooms where people can retire safely while they look at pictures; the traffic being kept outside, & cards of admission being issued to those who like looking at pictures.

And then the insect is liberated. For though we supposed those great eyes only for a brief season, many million, million years ago, still it is a fact that shells are just as the rocks are full of fossils, & shells so picked up on high mountains, so snakes & tigers & baboons insects too, in men & women lie dormant merely to be given the right conditions come to life again who seem, on the surface, merely to be loyal subjects of King George the Fifth! Colour.

To revive the insect, there must be warmth, & safety; & for the primeval forest was a hot place, carpeted with thick moss; & then Mr Agnew provides; & then there must be colour.

for roses so red that they burn the eye that chuckles in to them: & lilacs, showering drops: & lemons, & flowers sparks & falling cascades of green; staining pools blue water, & edges of red, in the sunlit

Mr Sickert provides these.

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Just as a screw turns & goes in impelled by its gyration so

But who are we Sickert. Mr Agnew? Names ~~without~~
~~meaning~~ ~~all that~~ that once had meaning in
another world. Here is colour only. The ~~eye~~ insect is all eye.
Conveyed on rudimentary wings it ~~flits~~ from
colour to colour. It becomes red, green, blue. It
drinks them through the eye, as one drinks wine; &
as ~~wine~~ the reds, the blues fill it & steep it, &
colours meet & change, & as they change go ~~like~~
spirally down, twisting, irradiating, were falling,
making vast [illegible], as if rockets were precedents &
in darkness, lighting as they fall, & then the earth,
the stars & some white bird & then the flower
But enough. The insect dies when the flower
fades. To the eye shuts itself & sleeps.

~~Although~~ ~~Whether~~ ~~What is the use of~~ gained ~~[illegible]~~
Whether there is ~~any anything to be~~ this brief life is
by ~~such efforts~~ trying to be gained by
over, & whether there is anything to & the attempt to
trying to write ~~the~~ down
record its flight fails.

But if the insect died, let us revive ourselves
with the thought that ~~we~~ ~~did not leave the~~ for us,
this was only ~~a beginning~~ the beginning, of a
much longer ~~& more adventurous~~ career, which, if
~~it lost~~ it was bound to lose something
outside the forest; & if the ~~long~~ infinitely body that we
left there saw colour with a passion
that has been lost to us, still other organs
were developed, by other adventures, &
there is no reason to sit for ever on a
chair in a picture gallery because our
~~we have drunk our~~ first rapture ~~then~~
first rapture in colour is over.
Now we look at the pictures from
another point of view.

as biographer-

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novelist

poet..

Charles Bradlaugh at the bars of the House of Commons

There are the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P.; Mr Swinton Israel Zangwill, Rear-Admiral W. Lumsden CIE. C.V.O., & Dr Cobbledick. No more need we struggle to appreciate them. directly we look at them we become aware that we have lived many lives since we roamed through the jungle. Not only have we acquired ancestors & medals, but we have worked, how we have fought, how violently we have controlled & hidden felt, how violently we have controlled & hidden our feelings. & what a toil it has all been! Mr. Sickert, when he looks at a face sees all that it has seen. He is one of the finest of biographers.

He has an immense advantage over

He need not verify his controversy; nobody can He he need not to sift fact; or read through volumes of memoirs history, or read the face: that is enough. & diaries. There is summed up there, The whole life is summed up there. He has reached a point to which his colleagues in the art of letters, are toiling with infinite pains, & wasted hopes, & circumlocutions.

the face that is all wounds & bruises, like smoke, from a fire, explosive, or the lean [illegible] or the wrecked face, or the prim professional face

Not in our time will anyone write a biography as Mr Sickert paints it. No one but a writer, perhaps, can appreciate the immense power of silence. Words, he reflects, run away, into contradicting, into shadowy, dubious lands of demi-truths; words excite the whole army of [illegible] protests

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He does not pronounce judgment. He

irrelevant but clamorous disputants, ~~leaving it~~ for ever disputing what matters neither way: was she so born in May or June, did he say this or that, — so it goes on, ~~wandering~~ turning & toiling in the forest of unreality, in the windy halls of the disputants, where nobody seeks truth, but only half-truths. Mr Sickert silences them with a sweep of the brush. Their mouths are stopped with paint. The man is this, he says: here is his picture. There is no gainsaying it. ~~But~~ The man & woman have done have thought have felt these things he says. That is enough. How many ~~But of course~~, generations will it take us, who are writers, to learn that art?

But Mr Sickert is not merely a biographer, he is also a novelist, & ~~he is not content with~~ the ~~fiction~~ interests him more, one ~~chafes, one may see~~ may suppose, judging from the number of novels his exhibitions generally contain. To paint & obscure people in some crisis of their private lives than to take one famous face & recount its history. Nuit d'amour, Baccarat, Rose et Marie, Christine buys a House, A difficult moment are all novels. In each that is to say, people have been caught in some crisis of their lives, & ~~the~~ characters in action — are shown not ~~only~~ ~~middle class~~ people of the middle Here ~~are~~ two ~~drama~~ tragedy. ~~The woman~~, Clara ~~[illegible]~~, is an old shopkeeper, with his glass, with a cigar lifted to his lips, table before him, & a shrewd little eyes, at the looking, impassive the unbreakable; yet prosaic desolation, the tragedy, of his life. A very fat woman, leaning her arms on the chest of drawers behind him: It is all over, one feels. Life is like that. They are not poor. They

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are not leaky rain: there is no ~~grandeur of betrayal~~ mystery or
spectacular about their tragedy: perhaps it is only the
accumulated weariness of innumerable days in the
purlieus of Islington that has suddenly come
down upon them, pressing out of them this
mute stare: ~~this be human~~ this disillusionment:
this weary sense of life's burden. its ~~steaks~~
rump steaks, & poultry. The trams are
roaring underneath. The children are crying. In
another moment the quarrel will be made up,
& they will go about their business. Even now
somebody is tapping his glass on the bar. She
will have to pull her great indolent heavy
body together & go. It may be that. It
does not much matter. The moment is
enough in itself. It is beautiful. But where a
novelist would be at pains how to convey
this satisfaction, the Sickert does it by
the colour of the cheap chest of drawers; & the
birds in the glass case. & the vase on the
mantelpiece. ~~You need not speak.~~
Again, as a novelist in paint he triumphs over the
novelists in words. ~~Take~~ Look at the girl sitting on
the edge of her bed, half naked. Perhaps the
night was a night of love, but this now
over. She has woken, & has to get up; & the
bed is towsled & tumbled, & it is after a[?] & she has her breakfast to get, & this
cheap iron bed, & she has her lodgings off the Holloway
wet & cheerless in lodgings the same subject,
Road. A novelist, treating the same subject,
would ~~[illegible]~~ feign heavily, in ~~all~~ nearly nine cases,
out of a hundred, in ~~some~~ for some expedient
to find some ~~[illegible]~~ contrast. ~~There is~~ Sordidity
has to be combined with beauty. But what
waters of sentimentality lie before him! The
Sickert merely takes up his brush & paints

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a peculiarly lovely, tender green on the faded wall paper
near the window. Light is beautiful, especially when it
falls through young green leaves. Again that is enough.
[This is enough to quote. Then five samples of
Mr Sickert's fiction to show that he is a novelist of
a particular type.] Rose & Marie is a novel in a
different mood. There ~~nothing~~ is no drama. There
One the woman is ~~simply telling~~ who is stands up, who is ~~in bed~~ lying down ~~on the chair~~
is simply telling the ~~other~~ ~~what~~ woman what a fool she is to expect life to be ~~telling~~ & that
~~all about life~~ what a fool she is ~~staring~~ telling ~~that~~ Marie
what life is not. Rose is raging than life has
a fool to expect ~~life~~ more of life than life has
to give. ~~Life~~, Rose is 2. Men, Rose is 2a ~~I know~~
Life ~~Men~~, ~~Rose is raging~~; ~~I've seen~~ I know all
about it, Rose is raging: & as she imparts her
knowledge, standing there in the intimacy of
undress, ~~unlovely~~, unlovely, ~~battered~~, past her prime,
~~tough~~, experienced, seasoned ~~in all kinds~~
~~the~~ & as tough as ~~they make them~~. And
Marie, looking up at her, ~~lets the~~ feels all
her experience, her Marseillais ~~to the~~ & has them all
withered & scorched — & yet, since Rose is
there is a core of sound ~~firm~~ humanity — perhaps corseted
by the ~~pearl~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ red orange petticoat — a
in ~~the other woman~~: Marie will trip down
them again, past the woman ~~who is~~ with the ~~gone~~ ~~but~~ some
pearl, ~~sadder, but~~ ~~with her experience~~ ~~not without~~ ~~a~~ not
~~irrevocable price of~~ but
~~so much~~ crushed ~~as~~ instructed.
From these ~~as~~ samples it will be seen that
Mr Sickert ~~is~~ a novelist ~~of a particular type~~ & he has
~~an affinity~~ is among the realists. He
is related to Dickens, to Gissing, to the ~~decorator~~
Earlier Arnold Bennett. He takes to lower
~~likes to lay his scene in the~~ middle class
~~world~~ The life of the lower middle class is the ~~way~~
is the life that interests him most.

that she has ~~a lot~~ behaved like a little fool.

wiser,

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very little interested in the upper classes, & though the
Great hat, ~~like~~ ~~made up~~ of the lady who is
playing baccarat may hide an aristocratic face,
~~be but that she has come down in the~~
~~world, it is~~ it is ~~much~~ more likely that she is
an adventuress; ~~who has her hat~~ he much prefers
the hats charwomen wear, the little felt hats
with one feather that ~~the~~ shop girls choose, the
casual hats of daily life, which has seen wear, &
owes its ~~beauty~~ to an uncontrollable

Change

impulse to match colour, as cheaply as possible,
or a balloon. ~~For Mr Sickert is a~~

For

For Mr Sickert is no mere storyteller. He is not
among those ~~facile~~ nimblefingered gentry who
~~whip up~~ make a story which bursts ~~like~~ like a small cracker &
when the bang is over nothing is left. ~~He is~~
~~among the~~ ~~an artist who comes to us~~
His pictures so ~~tell~~ ~~are always~~ so as repeat —
meaning ~~& accumulate~~ a message; &
emphasise & subtly reiterate the
tell again & again what is never told completely,
~~the at~~ some thing he guesses, loves, wants to
reveal, feels hidden, cannot altogether bring to
the surface. Fumbles for — some song
heard in human voices when they do not know
anyone is listening; in other words, he has his
~~teaching~~ meaning, his interpretation; &
shapes it, ~~out of~~ his publicans & peers, however
~~just as a~~ as all great novelists,
something he wishes to convey; so that
we feel as we pass from picture to
picture, more & ~~more plunged into the~~ that we are plucked at —
~~clothes, where we~~ ~~that wishes us to~~
immersed ~~in a world~~ which is
& ~~made~~ subdued to a mood which is
~~from wh~~ or given a play so that we
see the world again, differently related,
in another size & attitude

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Just as when we read a novelist of substance we feel that he is conveying to us ~~much more than a story but Sickert's communication~~ cation is to the effect his sense of the proportions of the world. ~~In~~

Mr Sickert's world, ~~weak, spacious, hospitable~~ is a place ~~work very hard for their living~~ in which people work very hard to make a ~~bare~~ living; hence the curious relation that exists between them & their surroundings. The room is a part of them: ~~the stuffed bed, the~~ ~~looking glass, the iron bedstead, they have~~ the worn & their possessions ~~they~~ have the ~~look~~ are all deeply & familiar look embedded in the stream of life. They have a peculiar fitness ~~even when they though~~ which is satisfying, though lifted from their surroundings each by itself would be ugly, ~~a mean~~ or commonplace. His world, ~~then, is not merely~~ a ~~a place of considerable~~ at the same time & satisfying ~~beauty or its inhabitants~~ ~~radiate its own rewards.~~ ~~If they have~~ His They have worked ~~but~~ for their living ~~but~~ they have enjoyed their lives. They Then, though a realist, but Sickert is far from a pessimist. ~~The reward of their~~ scrubbing ~~more certain~~ ~~Nobody~~ Nobody conveys a ~~the~~ solid satisfaction more constant, a sense of well cooked food, of the ~~relaxing~~ delight of ~~the perfectly~~ a good glass of wine, of all the easy genuine unpretentious pleasures of homely talk, of succulent dishes, of society where people ~~know~~ are not on ceremony, where there is no display, no where people are full of the humour & tolerance & coarseness & familiarity begotten by who live by their efforts, &

when its furniture is used, its ornaments ~~are~~ have been laboriously won;

when the day's work is done;

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& the host hands you a plan, as he best can. & the hostess has cooked the great which she has bought herself with her own hands. At the same time this a world of surprising beauty.

~~It goes without saying that anyone who goes to~~

It goes without saying that Mr Sickert is not only a biographer & novelist but also a poet. Perhaps this is easier to make the point clear when you look at his landscapes, or at his ~~pictures of~~ townscapes or at his pictures of the stage. For here the acute appeal of human character in action is cut off. We have here only a great Venetian church; ~~a~~ rising all curves & waves & dripping golden out of the ~~w~~ canal; or Bath; or ~~to~~ the wide green crowded music hall. & ~~we have only a record of~~

As a poet then, Mr Sickert is not among the lyric poets. He is not a ~~Shelley~~ painter of sunrises & sunsets like Shelley; he is not a Shakespeare; ~~he is not a poet of~~ he is not a poet like Shelley who [illegible] feels that nature gives ~~rest~~ in a freedom a rhapsody a step into far distance & beauty force. His churches have been seen from a gondola or from little tables in the Piazza, by or from little tables in the Piazza, when we are full as well busy, & our lips look up, with a great laughter an [illegible] at the Salute or whatever it may be looming up, all green, a white out of the [illegible] Canal, in a moment that seems the more amazing because it interposes itself in between how life & the wine; when we are just about to turn to our companion & say. Bath is no chill 18th century city. A cathedral is in the foreground. His streets of pale pink

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blue slices are generally full of patches, where the plaster has peeled off; a child's frock hangs out to dry; little tables at the corner on the pavement suggest a moments rest in the sun; — ~~Yet it is~~ poetry ~~Then the poetry of~~ this is the poetry of ~~Cowper, of~~ We liken his poetry to the poetry of Cowper, and Crabbe, — ~~one that written~~ but with some hesitation. The truth may be that we are coming perilously near the edge where we find ourselves in the pure art of painting, & cannot go on any longer ~~&~~ saying with confidence that ~~art &~~ painting & writing are the same art. We must then liken him as a poet to Crabbe or to Cowper, to the poets who have ~~kept close~~ to ~~the~~ not gone far from the tavern or the fireside — ~~& yet the~~ but the comparison gone out of hearing of the human voice, at the tavern or the fireside; ~~at~~ ~~& yet there is~~ but there is ~~something forced in~~ the comparison drags a little. ~~At~~ It may be that we are coming perilously near the edge where painting ~~takes its~~ takes ~~its~~ its way into ~~that~~ the silent land where words cannot follow it.

Yet the ~~sisters~~ ~~poetry &~~ literature & painting & music have much in common. ~~There~~ Every ~~was never a~~ is no writer who has not ~~laid~~ ~~down his pen for a moment to~~ ~~enchanted~~ has tried his ~~mottled colours to lead him~~ ~~in conjuring his pictures~~, at some time or other best to Mr. Sickert again & again reminds us that the writer too has to choose just as Mr Sickert selects a bed, a chest of drawers & a case of stuffed birds, to compose his scene, so a writer chooses

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Mr Sickert selects his bed, his chest of drawers, his
case of stuffed birds ~~& puts his to express his~~
~~from which we~~ ~~to express his sense of the~~
gestures as Turgenev, for instance, ~~selects his~~
~~make his selection, of~~ ~~tells us that the girl~~
~~was~~ selects, the ~~in rags, the~~ what is
~~said~~ the talk ~~raging~~, the movements, the ~~silence~~ outside
the window ~~to give us a whole scene~~ — And
~~Both~~ ~~so as to~~ suggest a whole scene. And
~~though Mr Sickert's~~ Nor can there be any
~~writer~~ novelist who has not ~~aimed~~ often,
~~however unsuccessfully~~ to bring ~~before his readers'~~
~~however unsuccessfully before his readers eyes~~
~~eyes the~~ ~~colour before~~ The great writers are
colour on the page. The great writers are
all great colourists. Sometimes they
use pure colour — as • clear as the ruddy drops
that visit those sad eyes —; ~~more often~~, &
more mysteriously. they convey indirectly,
perhaps by making use of the qualities of words,
the impression that the thing they are looking at
is bathed in light; darkness, glows: A Cleopatra
so that when we think of Antony & Cleopatra
we see the burning Nile, & the green bed in
which the asps lay. ~~Keats~~ ~~so~~ writers as
differ ~~greatly. Pope is~~ as greatly as
painters. Pope is a more a draughtsman than a
colourist. He has no great range of colour. He
likes pure washes of violet, indigo; &
discreet ~~use of~~ blacks & greys. that
neat neatly shaded Keats on the
other hand is as richly coloured as a
Venetian painting. ~~And~~ no one can
~~cling that music~~ who has read the
Tennyson uses the ~~ba~~ pure bright colour. His
& the rare brush of an illuminator.

we also think of it lichenously, veined ~~flaming~~ with gold, red & purple.

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Some of the pages affect the eye ~~as a~~ like the
missals of the monks; with their small intense
illustrations — the sky gold & the cedar woodland.
the ~~cedar dark~~ green layer of shade:
the … veils of dropping lawn — this the art of the
miniature painter — ~~[?]~~ And just as the
writer tries to bring colour into his page, so
he is forever listening to music as he writes.
Nobody can read Shakespeare, especially
when he breaks into song, — Come unto these
yellow sands, & the others — without ~~feeling~~
hearing music in the next room — so that to
be a true ~~critic~~ reader of any of our poets one
needs ~~to be~~ not merely to keep the eye on the
print but to look at pictures & to hear
music; & to be a writer, one must be
ready to seek out all the shades of colour
that words hold, & to make them follow a
tune. ~~Yet when the arts have~~ ~~The arts are~~

~~fiction; & the best what~~ the miserable state of
One reason perhaps for the
criticism in our time is that we have
specialised to such an extent that ~~our~~
~~that all the~~ our critics are merely readers;
they ~~have~~ no sense of ~~colour or of sound~~ & neither hear music nor
painting ~~or of~~ music.
see colour in words

~~But now that we have~~
~~But~~ But when we have availed ourselves of Mr.
Sickerts invitation to look upon him as a
literary painter; there remains ~~the~~ ~~that~~
it must be owned, a large territory
in which ~~into which~~ words can not live — the silent land.
When we have translated the portraits into
~~words~~ biographies, & the subject pictures into
novels, & the landscapes into poems,

Lamb — Hazlitt Col.

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there still remains – if we take another look round the room before we go – ~~something~~ much that cannot be said. or, if said, ~~may~~ is said ~~so~~ in without any conviction that we are speaking the truth. ~~It is what~~ When Rose tells the truth about life to Marie she is wearing a petticoat of a peculiarly beautiful shade of red. From that red we get ~~the~~ feeling of warmth & tenderness which leads us to say that her words are not entirely harsh. At the same time, we feel with another faculty that the red petticoat conveys an emotion which has nothing whatever to do with Rose or Marie. What it is we cannot say. When we look at the picture of the music hall again, we get, besides a ~~vision~~ the sound of Marie Lloyd singing in her husky voice a song about the ruins that Cromwell knocked about a bit, also a ~~sense~~ lines, depths, heights, & curious patterns made by tophats; ~~browns~~. of a space full of subtle shades of red & brown, with a violent yellow dress in the middle – but we cannot solve in ~~that sensation~~ ~~that~~ with a sling of word. ~~Silence~~ A great part of every picture is shrouded in silence. And what sort of feeling is that which we cannot put into words? Let us withdraw them from the picture gallery, & ask the critics to ~~help~~ tell us if they will to what a picture is, when it ceases to be a novel, a biography or a poem. & has parted company with literature & with music.

because of its relation to other colours,

then very complex, made of the relations of other colours,

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1934

Feb. 23rd

Vanessa Bell's Exhibition

It may be that you have never dipped a brush in
paint; that you have narrowly escaped death
for one reason or another, coming to the Lefevre
galleries. The world is full of doubt & danger.
~~Even so~~ ~~But even so,~~ all the more let us
enjoy the pictures on these walls. ~~It~~ Their
virtues, as a real work of art, will be ~~discussed~~ discussed
by the critics ~~But there is plenty for~~ For
us, who cannot climb so high, there is here
plenty ~~for~~ to ~~do~~ ~~&~~ for enjoyment; ~~argument~~,
& need for ~~[illegible]~~ argument. Let us hazard a
theory about Mrs Bell as artist. Some have
seventy legs her ~~rather~~ severely ordering human
life ~~into~~ back into their primitive ~~[illegible]~~ condition.
They are matter merely; stately, statuesque. ~~Why we~~
say, we must put off human frailty to enter
the world of severe design, of logical harmony.
Then a breath blows from the south. A man sets
a child puts a bow to her violin. ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ begin to talk. Does Mrs B. listen to
the music, to the talk? No; she is otherwise...
At the same time she
~~thinking~~ something else, the mind to music, & this
Ollahad suggests the relation of the mind ~~the body that~~ the body is
mind to idea. ~~The body that~~ peculiarly the
~~related to the room~~ ~~But~~
room at times in. The flower is hold
athletic, muscular. The [illegible] sofa
a dozing warmth, heat. Hampstead is
Ken Wood says: The oncoming
musical. Keeps up a ~~so~~ solemn music.
the age, we are conscious of
to [illegible] ~~than~~ word, precipitated
matter has been ~~tossed~~

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~~pure~~ precipitated by a painter's brush across the boundaries of words. They are lid of a thousand lies that lay in to the word. They are escaped spirits, voyaging in a colour, a beauty. In fact the pictured word is one of the purest & the happiest, the most alive, & at the same time the most solid.

And it doubts anything, who speaks, for certain about the dollar & the franc. Have we come to the certain conclusion: being beauty; hang upon the wall. That is the only settledness relatively at the moment.

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Miss Clough.

It is part of the ~~women's~~ feminine tradition not to praise
famous women; & for my part I am in
entire agreement with it. ~~Titles & degrees,~~
~~statues — all that~~ Titles, degrees, ~~statues,~~
common ~~have always seemed to me a certain~~
~~Titles, degrees, statues, have no~~ People of ~~real~~
merit are better without titles, degrees, statues
& other signs of celebration: But that does
not mean that we should cease to admire them,
to learn from them; — rather the opposite.
Nothing so quickens ~~the~~ the sense of admiration
Nothing so quickens as to come upon a forgotten
Keeps it so fresh as to come upon real merit — like
worthy who & people of real merit — like
~~Miss Clough~~ can are ~~titles, degrees, statues,~~
~~Titles, degrees,~~ statues are no sign of merit;
But, though any woman of sense would
rather have no title, no degree, no statue no
commemoration, ~~still~~ the we may still
hold Yet I am fond of hunting about in
the shadier recesses of libraries; & like seeking
out the unknown & obscure: ~~I like~~
~~pondering over their lives,~~ & often come to the
conclusion that fame is the cheapest
sense light in the world.
No woman of sense should accept a title, or a
degree, in my opinion: ~~& if the ... in that I am~~
~~consideration~~ & the ~~& this time~~ that
~~they~~ ~~Titles & degrees~~ Titles & degrees
are merely a ~~vainer~~ form of decoration than
rubies: &

NYPL

Miss Clough.

I am ~~entirely~~ strongly of opinion that women should not
accept titles or degrees; the idea of praising famous
women in the ~~old~~ accepted way is repugnant to me.
At the same time I am greatly amused, & sometimes
moved, by reflecting upon the lives of our fore runners.
~~The other day~~ a life of Miss Clough, of Newnham
fell into my hands. The pleasure I had in
reading it — in reading sometimes between the lines —
caused me to write ~~about her.~~ not in praise of her. ~~Much though~~ they
but ~~Perhaps they would not object~~ impertinent, but
& devour, not to praise them, which is wd be impertinent, but
to extract their meaning from them, to go over in
my own mind, the kind of lives they led; to ask
what they did, hoped, believed. Miss Clough of Newnham
Miss Clough is a case in point, the memories of readers today
I add, since very likely. Her niece wrote that there are
will remove that fog. a life so barely lived
readers like her — a life which we can tell in few
spaces between the lines — Arthur Clough;
outline. She was the sister of Arthur Clough; up in
lived abstemiously, often cooked the dinner. a scrap from her
the North: Educated, intellectually. Kept house for relations,
brother; taught little girls, the poor
had the ... rich natural education & at length came to
both education of those times, & at length came to
Cambridge & took charge of the first house
in which women who wished to study at the
University were lodged. Such is an outline of her
youth. There would need, & I hope some time there need
~~It~~ will be filled, of a Byrne looking back to that
date — yet it is only 70 years past — must feel

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that he is describing not men & women as we know them but savages, fulfilling antiquated rites. Only 70 years ago, ~~girls were~~ strong young women were required to march round a garden for exercise; to ~~wheel~~ roll iron rollers; to punish; to & the other sex were equally prevented ~~they were~~ their habits were such that any but the most guarded intercourse between the sexes was impossible. ~~Their an~~ ~~to cool their ardour~~ the ~~first~~ women had to dress in veils & to cool their ardour. In London walking was impossible. The girl sat in the room till her maid cd. accompany her. Miss Clough's work was therefore not to educate both sexes. She had on the one hand to put logic, mathematics into the heads of girls whose training had been elementary: on the other to persuade the other to mitigate their passions. ~~But the~~ ~~passions with which~~ ~~Slowly & gradually~~ the ~~forged [illegible]~~ A more delicate task can never have been conceived. The education of women cd. be carried out openly. But the education of men, had to be carried out under the thickest of disguises. For it was not meaning merely to control their passions, not much, she had to persuade them to give up their the most possessions. At first she met with determined opposition—

but still a counter motion

And here, the reader will break off from the exemplary ~~narrative~~ paper in which [illegible] narrates Miss Clough's career in her [illegible] this obstacle! to ask why was there this obstacle — education What did the opposition to women's education among men arise spring from? There are so many answers to this question

NYPL

that he is describing not men & women as we know them but savages, fulfilling antiquated rites. ~~only~~ 70 years ago, ~~girls were~~ strong young women were required to march round a garden for exercise; to ~~wheel~~ roll iron rollers; to punch; to & the other sex were equally premature ~~they were~~ – their habits were such that any but the most guarded intercourse between the sexes was impossible. ~~Their ar~~ ~~to cool their ardour~~, the ~~first bet~~ women had to dress in veils & to cool their ardour. In London walking was impossible. The girl sat in the room in till her maid cd. accompany her. Miss Clough's work was therefore not to educate both sexes. She had on the one hand to put ropes. mathematics into the heads of girls whose training had been elementary: on the other to persuade the other to mitigate their passions. ~~But the~~ ~~Slowly & gradually~~ the ~~passions with which~~ ~~forced her [illegible]~~. A more delicate task can never have been conceived. The education of the women cd. be carried out openly. But the education of men, had to be carried out under the thickest of disguises. For it was not necessary merely to control their passions, she had to persuade them to give up their most possessions. at least the most with determined opposition –

And here, the reader will break off from the exemplary ~~narrative~~ pages in wh. Miss Clough carries on her swan narrative [illegible] this obstacle! to ask why was there this opposition to women's education what did the opposition spring from? among men also [illegible] to this question

There are so many answers

but still & curious motion

NYPL

If we turn to the ~~newspaper~~ public press of that date we shall find that men objected because it would unfit the woman for the home: it would unsex her; unsettle her, unfit her for marriage; ~~make her~~ necessitate mixed classes (cf Victoria) lead to competition: give her an independent income, ruin her health, ~~ruin her~~ ~~cause~~ cause her to stay for husbands. & so on & so on. ~~Still the old~~ Perhaps there are still echoes of these old arguments to be heard even in today. ~~To me,~~ But ~~I have to~~ as one goes over them, it seems that they are insufficient. There must be another reason. For how could men enjoying what men said were the happiest years of their lives, making friends, getting away from home, so enjoying privileges which they would refuse that almost in order to offer them down, refuse them absolutely to their daughters, sisters, unless there was some reason more powerful than any of them in their minds!

~~Miss Clough we~~ We may read Miss Clough's life without finding an answer. Either she was satisfied with the answers given above, or she was determined that no good could come of making her suspicions public. However, lives are written, & facts are available to us that were hidden from her. Glancing over the shelves of the library the other day, I opened by chance some books which threw some light on the problem. Why, I asked myself, did men really object to women's education. And I read, how the better of them think very: I read how Mary Pattison said I read how Walter Pater. & I read finally how

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At first you may not see the connection. But consider these
Extracts. What a state of mind they reveal! How
barbarous; how tender. Confusion of the sense of
proportion, shown by [illegible]: ~~of the~~
Think of any man so lacking in humour.
& lastly dwell upon the sight of a
jolly [illegible] being reduced to the state of the
man in the third quotation.

~~What~~ ?

I cannot help thinking, as I read these passages,
that the reasons which kept women for more
than 200 years — the movement began in
when Mary Astell asked Queen Anne to found
a college — was not that men dreaded
the competition or the ruin of women. but
the far more creditable reason that they
were extremely doubtful of their own education:
Suppose they may have said, women took
fellowships with their passionate interests,
what will become of our sense of proportion?
what will become of [illegible] men & treaty
Suppose they take to [illegible]
embroider pocket handkerchiefs. where will be
human manners. society. civilisation? And
finally, if their lives are such that
they require a whole sex to be kept in a
condition to supply sympathy, like that
Pallium, how will the routine of the world
be carried on?

Yet these were doubts that could not be
openly expressed. Others must be advanced:

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& it was therefore necessary to talk of chastity womanhood & the rest.

But ~~Mrs C.~~ Mrs C. kept the secret on her part There is not a word of this in her novels life. She gradually built, founded, got teachers. Dressed her girls quietly, & used all the persuasion in her power to control all outbursts, to prevent extravagance conduct of any dress – My dear, she used to say...

Then there came the great moment when Mrs F. came out about the seven courage. I have always admired the discretion with wh. She was celebrated. Though a love to all speech making & dogmatising I feel ~~some~~ moved when I read of this particular occasion...

And then, as she went again: hoping that in time women might be allowed degrees; in spite of the fact that there was considerable hostility was shown. The undergraduates – how remote & far away – broke down the gates of h. Steen – broke down the gates of h. Heads of them was supercilious, dictator, & not encourage. Wished a it women need never have degrees. And at last that woman, unrestrainable, rather timid & retiring old lady died at Newnham having set the green example of refusing to take any pay for her work.

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What conclusion then are we to draw? [illegible] difficult. Did she wish women to be like men? Did she think degrees of the highest importance? Did she not dream perhaps of another. Even yet better. Kind of education for her own sex. It would be highly unpopular to say.

NYPL

Why Lectures?

When the first number of L. appeared the other day, a critic in one of the London papers, remarked that women ought not to imitate men. How very true! How very important a truth! The whole meaning of what used to be called the W. M. was, so sometimes seems to me, that women wished to initiate a new way of life. not to copy an old ~~one~~ one. Yet to begin, they had to have money. Originally is based upon the possession of funds. Representation ~~is not~~ as the critic might have seen, is a well printed paper: ~~hard~~ there must be money behind ~~it~~. And I guess, that originality even in a paper, is rather checked by the need for that paper. ~~It~~ It is almost impossible even in London for the richest Society to keep ~~one~~ a paper afloat. How then can we ask the students of a woman's college to produce a well printed paper even once a term without consulting the opinions and prejudices of those who make it to appear. Now to consult other people's opinion is apt to ~~have~~ be bad for our own.

Then I am glad to take the chance which ~~is~~ gives me a momentarily satisfactory balance which to express one or two opinions. The young even if they agreed with them, could hardly women responsible to L. In the first advance. Why Lectures? ~~be expected to~~ I want to lay emphasis upon my idea, I want to lay conviction that the W. M. ~~was~~ is a creation, an ~~movement~~ — an attempt to discover a new way of life. And then I

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I want to suggest two particulars in which I think they might lead Oreale. In the first plan, why not ~~do away~~ abolish Lectures? In the second, why not abolish the Teaching of Lit?

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Why Lectures et cetera?

When the first number of Lysistrata appeared, a critic in one of the London papers remarked that women ~~ought not~~ ~~were too~~ are apt not much given to imitating men. He hoped that Lysistrata would strike out a line of its own. Everybody will ~~also~~ ~~both~~ agree. ~~In the first place,~~ The whole meaning of the ~~what used to be called~~ the Women's Movement ~~was~~ is that it ~~was~~ is an experiment in a new way of life. Not a copy of an old one. ~~In the second,~~ But even that friendly critic will agree that in order to experiment ~~strike out a new line in journalism~~, money is needed.

Espec. what is new. unpopular

Even the richer sex have frequently lamented this fact. ~~Only the other~~ day, when a well known paper died, ~~people~~ Editors were explaining that it is almost impossible to keep alive a paper that expresses original & therefore unpopular ideas. How then can we ask the students of a women's college to produce a well printed organ ~~which~~ even once a term without depending upon ~~somebodies generosity~~. And to depend upon generosity is apt to have a bad effect upon one's own originality.

Yet ~~that is~~ there can be no doubt that he has put his finger on the point. ~~Nobody wants another paper.~~ Everybody wants a new paper.

But ~~let me point out the advantages~~ of ~~poverty.~~ That is one of the disadvantages of poverty — But there are great advantages also.

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Why Lectures etcetera?

When the first number of Lysistrata appeared, a critic in one of the London papers remarked that women ~~ought not~~ ~~were too much~~ organisations given to imitating men. He hoped that Lysistrata would strike out a line of its own. Everybody will ~~also~~ ~~both~~ agree. ~~In the first place,~~ The whole meaning of ~~the~~ ~~what used to be called~~ the woman movement ~~was~~ is that it was an experiment in a new way of life. Not a copy of an old one. ~~In the second,~~ But even that friendly critic will agree that in order to experiment ~~strike out a new line in journalism~~, money is needed.

Express what is new. unpopular

Even the richer sex have frequently lamented this fact. ~~Only the other~~ day, when a well known paper died, ~~people~~ Editors were explaining that it is almost impossible to keep alive a paper that expresses original & therefore unpopular ideas. How then can we ask the students of a womens college to produce a well printed organ ~~which~~ even once a term without depending upon ~~somebodies generosity?~~ And to depend upon generosity is apt to have a bad effect upon ones own originality.

~~Yet that~~ is there can be no doubt that he has ~~hit~~ his finger on the point. ~~Nobody wants~~ another paper. Everybody wants a new paper.

But ~~let me point out the advantages~~ of poverty. That is one of the disadvantages of poverty — But there are great advantages also.

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which expresses new & original opinions?

~~And~~ Yet ~~that is the~~ ~~of the utmost importance~~:
~~There doubt how it~~ ~~for~~ nothing is more needed: for
~~though it would be tedious to dwell upon~~ though
nobody wishes to talk about the emancipation of
women, & (there is now more need to talk of the
emancipation of men) still the whole of that
struggle was inspired by the desire to create a new
way of life; ~~& though it is much too soon to~~
~~now that some material advantages have been~~
~~gained there~~ advance has been made, —
some solid advantages have been gained, to say what one
thinks

~~May I then ask one or two questions~~
But there is no need to stress the difficulties:
~~Rather~~ there is much more need to say
~~when a new paper comes out,~~ lay stress upon
the ~~importance of~~ overcoming them — of
~~being outspoken, of~~ ~~Otherwise, nothing~~
~~For if~~
For I ~~want to~~ ~~Certain questions are~~ Like so the majority of
~~bound to ask them~~
people nowadays, I can scarcely take a walk
in London, or in ~~But it is not~~ ~~all very~~ well satisfactory
carrying on an argument ~~with~~ in solitude:
one wishes to utter it aloud. And the
great obstacle to speaking or writing in public is
always wealth.
should be overcome by their wealth; by their
privilege; ~~by their age~~; & by the past

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at ~~anyrate~~
But Somerville is poor; ~~Somerville has~~ only a few years ~~behind it~~;
~~But I feel that the~~ the poor, the strenuous, the experimental, the ~~new~~ ~~...~~ atmosphere of the women colleges is in the nature of ~~very young~~ much more sympathetic, if one wishes to be rather rash, & rather foolish:
as for example. Why Lectures.

~~The~~ It is ~~impossible~~, unless you ~~have~~ are a ~~very~~ person of ~~...~~ a great name ~~or influence~~, to say what you think in the great darker or wealthier because they have dividends to pay. ~~Especially~~ And ~~in~~ the great colleges, are also very wealthy & very powerful: ~~in the~~ presence of ~~all those accumulation of tradition~~ & wealth, ~~as would need~~ I should find it extremely difficult to speak one's mind openly to them.

~~But the women~~ ... there is the freedom
But at ... of poverty. No harm is done by saying whatever comes into ones head to women, because they have neither money nor honours to bestow. Hence I make bold to ask you three questions: ~~What~~
~~The first is~~, why Lecture?
~~The second is, why teach English literature~~.
& the third is what is the point of lectures?
The second is, what is the good of teaching English literature? And the third is,
Ought women to accept honours?

NYPL

I will briefly outline my own opinion, & I am sure
you will pardon what is personal, prejudiced, ill informed —
~~Now~~ To ~~begin with lectures~~ — I merely offer the thoughts
that beat in my one mind
~~Why~~ lecture? ~~Are there not~~ Has not the art of
printing been with us for some centuries?

Lect: ~~about~~ ~~speech~~
No more terrible infliction upon has ever been
invented by human ingenuity than the sound of
~~one~~ voice continuing for one hour. Let me describe a
You go into a room which may be well lit.
warm. There may be a picture or two on the walls
But what tt you will certainly find are rows
of chairs, people shuffling in; some taking out
note books. Others gazing with the vacancy of
frogs on the edge of wells up at the ceiling.
The hour strikes & some miserable man or woman,
trembling & dilated with a mixture of fear &
vanity takes his place at the table. Is he bald or
legion: There is a momentary ahm. & begin to speak.
hairy? He clears his throat & begins upon some interest.
It may be about ~~it~~ a subject of some interest.
He clears his throat & begins to speak. The human
voice is an instrument of great power: it can
charm, it can irritate. On this occasion,
since he is a paid lecturer, it is neutral.
reminiscence. And what he says is
sensible enough. It is something about industry &
revolution. And ~~yet before my mind~~ the pale face
has slowly the hands move over the ~~watch that~~
clock. It is impossible not to
~~the~~ earliest theory of deliberate looking. The
lecturer goes on unfalteringly. His point
is obscure. He has overrun the signals you

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attention. What can be the connection between that idea & the cat? Unhelpfully he makes a joke. There may be time to go back & to think the argument. No. The joke is over. Off we go again. Now there is no difficulty. Words are ~~so~~ as words words words. ~~mean~~ the hair A ~~late comer~~ somebody comes in late. ~~That story~~ Late is something to exclude. And at last, dulled stupefied, with a babble bubble of commonplace, the lecture ends: people begin to talk; & there is a general sense of relief, escape. some sorrow rely[?] abhorred: a guilty sense that the others have been profiting: & so to home.

Yet the man who gave that lecture was quite capable of writing an admirable essay. Read in ~~What is the use then of~~ solitude, it could have been understood & enjoyed. It in about a third of the time that it took to speak: without loss of why is it still necessary to ignore the printing press? would it not be possible for the women colleges at least to insist that all

— Why teach English literature?

at least six volumes cd. be written on both sides of the question: ~~as~~ But I must simplify. And perhaps for brevities sake you will allow me to copy down, not as a final statement, but as an expression of opinion — on subject which I should overheard the other day. The speaker, ~~was~~ I should add, is reader to a publishing firm; had just finished six MSS. dealing with English literature written by ~~pupils~~ under graduates at the universities.

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Now taken many years: times the printing press is in existence: the lectures could have been printed: then they could have been digested & understood. Why then (still) keep alive this wasteful & obsolete system?

The possibility arises that it has some disciplinary virtue which makes it valuable which escapes the outsider. But lectures are necessary as a form of education, could not they not be abolished as a method of culture? Do they not encourage all the more debased & human passions — vanity, ostentation, self assertion? And is the answer to that is: lectures serve the social purpose of bringing young & old together, & of introducing the well known to the obscure, surely that admirable end could be reached with less waste & less effort. Is it not now time surely at Oxford & Cambridge there are inventive young women, endowed with the gifts of sympathy & human insight who could devise a new form of human society: where people of both sexes, & all degrees of fame & obscurity, did meet simply easily on an equal footing: without anybody mounting a platform, reading a paper, or wearing expensive clothes, or eating expensive food? And if that kind of intimacy out. And how is that kind of intimacy is worth, merely as education, all the lectures in the world

NYP

I happened to call upon a friend who is reader to a ~~publish~~ firm of publishers. A certain gloom seemed to dwell upon the room. ~~She was reading a manuscript &~~ And she flung down a manuscript which she was reading out loud, exclaiming "Poor boy!" Had there been some disaster in her family? some accident, to a relation in the Alps? or No. Nothing only that a young man she knew had written a book called ~~Some~~ The Evolution of the Ego in Madrigals. What there's no harm in that surely I said. ~~But~~ He used to be intelligent, she replied. She paused. He used to care about literature. I glanced at a page or two. It was a solid piece of work. ~~But now~~, she added. He used to care about literature ~~Just~~, He used to care about literature. Then she burst out. Now there they go — all of it year in year out, ~~writing~~ reading books to pass examinations. ~~write books to~~ And when they've read a book they write a book. And when they write a book they go queer. All of them go queer. Nobody Every ~~day~~ they come. A hen that lays eggs word of nonsense in them. ~~Not~~ Nobody thinks he could have written them. ~~They are~~ ~~Literature~~ hardly a tale for hardly. The death watch beetle has got at the ~~our language is decayed~~ & is rotten. The whole thing is coming down about our heads. The fabric. ~~Here~~ There they sit nibbling gnawing. And ~~nobody~~ there's nobody or worm-eaten. And nobody is caused for and to blame. All the things are one after another thing forgotten — ~~Life~~ is the

Sown

But surely there must be

for she made use of extravagant image about

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all this teaching of Eng. lit., which led to all this writing about Eng. lit; which led to all this reading of writing about of course I pointed out to her, in ~~a short note~~ which I wrote her that ~~my night~~, that ~~my friend~~ ~~like ours~~ a literature is a very intricate subject; that the more we know about it the more In a short rich lit. I left upon her that night I pointed out that professors are often married men: that they must live: that teaching Eng lit is a profession like another: that if they teach Chemistry they may a

~~As for the last question; about~~

And now there is only room for one more question: should women ~~accept honours~~? ~~And~~ perhaps that is so & that has so little practical bearing upon life as we know it that it can be ~~briefly dispatched~~: should ~~On no account~~ women accept honours!

~~But And is far reply~~ that perhaps it is hardly worth asking. Should women accept honours? It is not a question that is of any pressing importance; & Yet it ~~arose~~ ~~Bruch~~ one, as I walked down the street, ~~About~~ how glad I am ~~—that~~ I need not talk of Dame Emily Bronte; ~~K.C.~~B. Litt. D. LL-D. I asked myself: & what are honours for I evolved a theory that ~~these~~ I am delighted that some ~~of the~~ old Dukedoms should survive, ~~just as I — like~~ just as I am pleased to see that the Cheltenham ~~built~~ Cotton Queue — It seems to me that titles are to men what jewels are to women: & I should

NYPL

we cannot have both novels & titles: for my own part I prefer novels; therefore, I decided, it must be far better to confine titles to the male sex — & to ~~refuse the other~~. ~~At any rate~~ But to put the question in a nutshell; are you in favour of Emily Brontë; or do you prefer Dame Emily Brontë, O.M. LL.D. Litt. D.? & on the whole I much ~~prefer to take of~~ titles have no meaning whatever at the present time; & I had much rather talk of —

— But this again I refer to you.

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Why?

When the first number of Lysistrata appeared I confess that I was deeply disappointed. It was so well printed, on such good paper. It looked established, prosperous. As I turned the pages, ~~I asked~~ it seemed to me that wealth must have descended upon Somerville, & I was about to answer the request of the editor for an article with a stern negative, when I read, probably to my relief that one of the writers was badly dressed; & gathered from another that the women's colleges still lack power & prestige.
~~For the fact was~~ ~~Then it may be possible,~~
~~wealth of~~ Now, no one would be so foolish as to deny the advantages of wealth; but if you want to ~~And like so~~ write fictions, poverty is essential. This time surely to discuss abolish lectures; & to invent intercourse.

But that you will say, needs wealth. On the contrary, wealth is fatal.

Because it would need imagination & sympathy & humour to purge it of ~~[illegible]~~ such pitchforks & probably it would be ~~[illegible]~~ in the nearest ~~pond~~

I was ~~about~~ here, after ~~asking~~ putting ~~myself~~ all these questions to indulge myself with a little

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in which I took part the other day.

Now of course there rushed forward dozens more questions — questions about churches & parliaments & public houses & shops & loud speakers — for but unhappily, happily there is no ~~need to~~ possibility of asking them – Time is up.

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Think

Politics. Art. dancing. Letters. Economics. Youth.
The Unknown Hand Genealogies. Atlantis.
Morality. Religion. Cambridge. Eton.
The drama. Society. Truth. Pigs.
Surrey. The history of England. America.
Optimism. Summer. Old Boots. Hume.

The pig was born in Berkshire, & no doubt
cost its mother a pang or two as do prize pigs. ~~So~~
~~[illegible]~~ But can it be proved that the prize pig was
born in the hundred of the thane from whom the College
in whose Chapel the organ is even now, at yesterday, pealing: ~~[illegible]~~
~~lost has few fine or six hundred years~~ ~~took~~
~~tithes~~ 'stole a thicket,' ~~on which it~~ & thereby built a town six hundred
years ago,' ~~then the fine [illegible]~~
(The art of biography is in its infancy.
It has not yet learnt to walk without leading strings.)
~~Seeking~~ To cut the matter short, the prize
pig was the father of a fine litter, & not ~~in~~
Berkshire though, nor yet in the famous
town where ~~the~~ Chapel is one of the sights of the
civilised world; so that often on a fine
summer evening a little knot of tourists
will hang about all the day each other what that
whose that! at the dignitaries ~~enter~~ &
go in & out.
Now this a fact that Lyon K. Peacraft
threw a little wad of chewing gum onto the turf
the other evening & cognising the Professor.
Famous in New York. famous in Wall Street
famous in Chicago. famous ~~too~~ in Boston.
By Jum! he said
Yes, a very famous man, he must be, who, in the summer

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pausing to sketch on the dry dust with the point of his shoe the plan — but the plan of what?
~~Nobody~~ when he had passed on, his head bent forward, deep in talk, the ~~tourists~~ tried in vain to un-riddle the criss cross in the dust. Hopscotch? some said one thing some another. It was none of those things though.
What was it then?
On June the 15th ~~the~~ on the summer see went over London the lights went up in Covent garden. The Queen of England threw a rose to the ballet dancer but the ~~Professor~~, gentleman in full evening dress lighting ride, noted on the back of her short cuff that she was three quarters of an inch off the square. ~~At the supper party afterwards~~, he was demonstrating to the most venerable of all masters - ~~he who taught~~ the Archbishop of the old established Roman Church of the heresy the practice from the plan-dancer - this heresy the practice from the plan — when twice though, as always happened that year between one & two in the morning - Downing Street unable to sleep, crept stealthily to the telephone, desperately raised the receiver, & from the cavernous gloom of the decorated Cabinet Room, with Pitt ironically regarding the map that seemed on the point of being for ever rolled up, ~~demanded help~~ summoned the only privy councillor, the one man on whom the late King Emperor ..
The sausage was still hot between his lips. Rose lean: the torn maline of ballet dancer's skirts were on the ground. He made him a tent of tulle; & there couchant, dictated. All the papers had their large letters next morning.
But I ~~shall want~~ gave the positive proof positive that the capital A on the verso of the 10th folio is upside down? .. he insisted, then sank back in his pillows.
~~The book~~ England was on the gold standard; he he had at last, after years of patient research. secured the only extant copy of the excessively rare pamphlet

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~~the~~ only three which were in existence: one in the Kremlin, one
at Pasadena – & now the third – ~~to~~
the only known copy of that very obscure pamphlet
for which he had been hunting, ~~these~~ turning catalogues,
browsing in dark bookseller shops these twenty years.
So while they were calling the terrible news
down the streets he lay, gazing at the narrow
space between the great volumes – ~~Malthus~~, Hume,
Locke, Berkeley, & Malthus: ~~under the~~
which swelled, ~~volume~~ one after another, in polished, in
noble array underneath five apples by Cezanne.
And then there was Lady – Buffam! shot rapidly — — invitation to
dinner, a letter further along the shelf: & the
Statistician were meeting, & the philosopher & the
Antiquarian & the Encyclopedists & the
Explorer: ~~that~~ there was the expedition of the
to that spot. now all running white capped waves,
underneath: slept the ruins of ~~Atlantis~~. A
~~to~~ be an old cathedral, a better cathedral? All but
Had the bells there rung to higher services than
those ringing now, outside, ~~the fate~~ the heard
them crying the news in the street. And
~~applied himself to his~~ shrugged his shoulders
applied himself to the great green board on which
were pinned sheets of symbols: a froth of
xs leaps contorted by ys & enlaced by ~~and wh~~ what. it
more cryptic symbols still: he was
jigsawed together would eventually produce the one or
now, another, produce the one or
word, the single the will-o'-wisp. the
comprehensive word which will solve all
problems for ever. It was time to begin.

He began.

Hamill + Barker 11/17/58

26th Nov
1933

Essays

Hamill + Barker 11/12/58

Portrait of Walter Sickert.

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1933
Nov. 26th

Portraiture Walter Sickert

"I am a literary painter, & so are all painters of any Excellence".